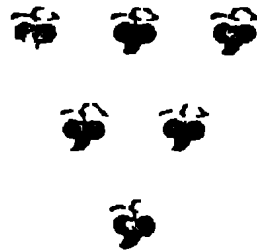


PERICLES : *By*
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE * * * *



SANDS & COMPANY
L O N D O N

MDCCCXCVIII.

PERICLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre*
HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis*
CLEON, *Governor of Tarsus*
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene*
CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus*
THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch*
PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon*
LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza*
Marshal
A Pandar BOULT, *his Servant*
The Daughter of Antiochus
DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon*
THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides*
MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa*
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina*
A Bard

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen and Messengers

DIANA

GOWER, *as Chorus*

SCENE — Dispersedly in various Countries.

ACT I

*Enter GOWER**Before the Palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song that old is sung,
 From ashes and a Gower is come,
 Assumed in old infirmities,
 To glad your ears, and please your eyes.
 It hath been sung at festivals,
 On marriages and holy days,
 And lords and ladies in their levees
 Have read it for recreation;
 The princes' children have gloried;
 Elbow'd in antiquity, as medals
 If now, heard in this latter times,
 When it's more ripe, accept my themes,
 And that to hear an old man sing
 May to some wishes pleasure bring,
 I have would wish, and that I might
 Wait on your grace, and see your light
 This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
 Built up, this city, for his dearest seat,
 The fairest in all's part,
 I tell you what mine authors say:
 This king unto his son, a son,
 Who died and left a fair young heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of grace
 As heaven had put all his grace;
 With whom the father's likeness took,
 And her to incest did provoke
 Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
 To evil should be done by none
 But custom what they did begin

*Was with long use account no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bedfellow,
 In marriage-pleasures playfellow:
 Which to prevent he made a law,
 To keep her still, and men in awe,
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify
 What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify* [Exit.

SCENE I. *Antioch. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake

Per. I have, Antiochus, met, with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
 For the embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections.

[*Music.*] *Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*

Per. See, where she comes apparell'd like the
 spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men !
 Her face the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion.
 You gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflamed desire in my breast
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness !

Ant. Prince Pericles,--

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd ;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain ;
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
 Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance
 pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,
 They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
 For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must ;

For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did:
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came.
[To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS] But my un-
spotted fire of love to you.
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove
prosperous!
Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness.

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage. [He reads the riddle.

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed;
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,

If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
 Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
 Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill
 But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
 I think no man on whom perfections wait
 That knowing sin within, will touch the gate
 You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
 Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music, ♫
 Would draw heaven down and all the gods to
 hearken

But being play'd upon before your time,
 Hell only dunceth it so harsh a chime
 Good sooth, I care not for you

Ant Prince Pericle, touch not, upon thy life,
 For that is an article within our law
 As dangerous as the rest Your time's expired:
 Either expound now or receive your sentence

Per Great king

I would love to hear the sins they love to act,
 'T would brand yourself too much for me to tell it.
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
 He's more secure to keep it shut than shown;
 For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
 Blows dust in other's eyes, to spread itself,
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
 To stop the ill would hurt them The blind mole
 casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is
 throng'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die
 for't

Kings are earth's gods, in vice their law's their

will ;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill ?
It is enough you know ; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [Aside] Heaven ! that I had thy head ; he
● has found the meaning ; ●

But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days ;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
Forty days longer we do respite you ;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[Exeunt all but PERICLES.]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight !
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father ;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clean,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which we
mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner ;
And therefore instantly this prince must die,
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy ;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold ;
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
him :
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?
Thal. My lord, 'tis done.
Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after ; and like an arrow shot

From a well-experienced archer hits the mark

His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return

Unless thou say ' Prince Pericles is dead.'

Thal. My lord,

If I can get him within my pistol's length,

I'll make him sure enough : so, farewell to your
highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu ! [*Exit THALIARD.*

Till Pericles be dead,

My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Tyre. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [*To those without.*] Let none disturb us.

Why should this change of thoughts,

The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,

Be my so used a guest, as not an hour

In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,

The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me
quiet ?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,

Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here .

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,

Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
 Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
 And what was first but fear what might be done,
 Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
 And so with me : the great Antiochus,
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great can make his will his act
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to
 silence ;
 Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
 If he suspect I may dishonour him ;
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known.
 With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
 Amaze ment shall drive courage from the state,
 Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence :
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
 Which fence the roots they grow by and defend
 them,
 Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
 And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS and other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred
 breast !

Second Lord. And keep your mind, till you
 return to us,
 Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace ! and give experience tongue :
 They do abuse the king that flatter him ;
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
 To which that blast gives heat and stronger
 glowing ;
 Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err :
 When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'er-
 look

What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
 And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords.

Helicanus, thou

Hast moved us ; what seest thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven,
 from whence

They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
 To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [Kneeling.] I have ground the axe myself ;
 Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise ;
 Sit down ; thou art no flatterer :
 I thank thee for it ; and heaven forbid
 That kings should let their ears hear their faults
 hid !

Nor ye'
 Then counsellor and servant for a prince,
 That by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
 What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
 Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
 That minister'st a potion unto me
 That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
 Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
 Where as thou know'st, against the face of death
 I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
 From whence an issue I might propagate,
 Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
 The rest, hark in thine ear, as black as incest;
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth; but thou
 know'st this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
 Under the covering of a careful night,
 Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
 I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.
 And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
 That I should open to the listening air
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid open,
 To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done
 him;

When all, for mine, if I may call offence,

Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for it, —

Hel.

•Alas ! sir.

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from
my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came ;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any ; it to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence ?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the
earth,•

From whence we had our being and our birth

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tarsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear
it. •

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
 Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.
 But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
 'Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Same. An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not I am sure to be hanged at home. 't is dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
 Further to question me of your king's departure:
 His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
 Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [Aside.] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
 Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
 He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
 Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside.*] What from Antioch ?

Hel. Royal Antiochus, on what cause I know not,

Took some displeasure at him, at least he judged so ;

And doubting lest that he had erred or sinned,
To show his sorrow he'd correct himself ;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would ;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.
I'll present myself Peace to the lords of Tyre !

Hel. Lord Thalhard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles ;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us :
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Tarsus. A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own ?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to
 quench it ;
 For who digs hills because they do aspire
 Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
 O my distressed lord ! even such our griefs are ;
 Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
 But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
 Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
 Or can conceal his hunger till he famish ?
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
 Our woes into the air ; our eyes do weep
 'Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them
 louder ;
 That if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
 They may awake their helps to comfort them.
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
 And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the govern-
 ment,
 A city on whom plenty held full hand,
 For riches strew'd herself even in the streets ;
 Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the
 clouds,
 And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at :
 Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
 Like one another's glass to trim them by :
 Their tables were stored full to glad the sight,
 And not so much to feed on as delight ;
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O ! 't is too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do ! By this our
change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise ;
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it ;
Those nurses who, to nurse up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true ?

Pro. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O ! let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears .
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor ?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring
shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
 One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
 That may succeed as his inheritor ;
 And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,
 Taking advantage of our misery,
 Have stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
 To beat us down, the which are down already ;
 And make a conquest of unhappy me,
 Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear ; for, by the semblance
 Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
 And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to
 repeat :
 Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
 But bring they what they will and what they can,
 What need we fear ?
 The ground's the lowest and we are half way there.
 Go tell their general we attend him here,
 To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
 And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [Exit.

Cle. Welcome is peace if he on peace consist ;
 If wars we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
 Let not our ships and number of our men
 Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
 We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
 And seen the desolation of your streets :
 Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
 But to relieve them of their heavy load ;

And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you !
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise :
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !
Till when, the which I hope shall ne'er be seen,
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept ; feast here
awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

*Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I woe, to incest bring ;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.*

*The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can ;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious :
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?*

Dumb-show.

*Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON ;
all the Train with them. Enter at another door
a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES ;
PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON ; then gives
the Messenger a reward, and knights him.
Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c, severally.*

*Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours, for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive,
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre .
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him ,
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there s seldom ease ;
For now the wind begins to blow ,
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split ;*

*And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is lost.
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes—What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower, this longs the text.* [Exit.

SCENE I. *Pentapolis—An open place by the
Sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of
heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death.
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!

Sec nd Fish. Ha! come and bring away the nets.

First Fish. What, Patch breech, I say!

Third Fish. What say you, master?

First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come
away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

First Fish. Alas! poor souls; it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half fish half flesh; a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside.*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Second Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have lett till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside.*] Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside.*] How from the finny subject of
the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men ;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect !
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Second Fish. Honest ! good fellow, what's that ?
If it be a day fits you, search out o' the calendar,
and nobody look alter it.

Per. Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your
coast.

Second Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea,
to cast thee in our way !

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him ;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg ? here's
them in our country of Greece gets more with
begging than we can do with working.

Second Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then ?

Per. I never practised it

Second Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure ;
for here's nothing to be got now-a-days unless thou
canst fish for 't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know,
But what I am want teaches me to think on ;
A man throng'd up with cold ; my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help ;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die, quoth-a ? Now gods forbid ! I

have a gown here ; come, put it on ; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings • and flap-jacks ; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir. •

Second Fish. Hark you, my friend ; you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Second Fish. But crave ! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping •

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then ?

Second Fish. O ! not all, my friend, not all ; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt Second and Third Fishermen.*

Per. [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour !

First Fish. Hark you, sir ; do you know where ye are ?

Per. Not well

First Fish. Why, I'll tell you • this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him ?

First Fish. Ay, sir ; and he deserves to be so called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore ?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey ; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday ; and there are princes

and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir! things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Second Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself; •
And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
'Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death'; and pointed to this brace;
'For that, it saved me, keep it; in like necessity,
The which the gods protect thee from! may defend
thee.'

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again
I thank thee for 't; my shipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in's will. •

First Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
 For it was sometime target to a king ;
 I know it by this mark He loved me dearly,
 And for his sake I wish the having of it ;
 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
 Where with it I may appear a gentleman ;
 And, if that ever my low fortunes better,
 I'll pay your bounties ; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do'e take it ; and the gods give thee good on't.

Second Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters ; there are certain condolences, certain vails I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel ;
 And spite of all the rapture of the sea,
 This jewel holds his gubling on my arm :
 Unto thy value will I mount myself
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
 Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided
 Of a pair of bases

Second Fish. We'll sure provide ; thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but equal to my will !
 This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Same A Public Way or Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for the reception of the King, PRINCESS, Ladies, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISIA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself.
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his shield to the PRINCESS

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield

Is a black Ethiopie reaching at the sun ;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

The Second Knight passes over.

Who is the second that presents himself ?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady ;
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Pau por dulzura que
por fuerza.*

The Third Knight passes over.

Sim. And what's the third ?

Thai. The third of Antioch ;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry ;
The word, *Me prompto proceat apex.*

The Fourth Knight passes over.

Sim. What is the fourth ?

Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside
down ;
The word, *Quod me alit me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power
and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill

The Fifth Knight passes over.

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried ;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

The Sixth Knight, PERICLES, passes over.

Sim. And what's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ? -

Thai. He seems to be a stranger ; but his present
is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

Sim. A pretty moral ;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

• *First Lord.* He had need mean better than his
outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend ;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the
lance.

Second Lord. If well may be a stranger, for he
comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour
rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming ; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery [Exeunt.

[Great shouts, and all cry, ' The mean knight ! '

SCENE III. *The Same. A Hall of State. A
Banquet prepar'd.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Ladies, Lords, Knights
from tilting, and Attendants.*

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.

XXXIV.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,
 As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
 Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
 Since every worth in show commends itself.
 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :
 You are princes and my guests.

Thar. But you, my knight and guest ;
 To whom this wreath of victory I give,
 And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;
 And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
 In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
 To make some good, but others to exceed ;
 And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen
 o' the feast,

For, daughter, so you are, here take your place ;
 Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simo-
 nides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days ; honour we
 love,
 For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir ; for we are
 gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
 Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knight.

Sim. Sit, sir ; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
 These eates resist me, she but thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing' him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant
gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman ;
• Has done no more than other knights have done,
Has broken a staff or so ; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

• *Per.* Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was ;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun for them to reverence
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy ;
Where now his son like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light :
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men ;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights ?

First Knight. Who can be other in this royal
presence ?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile ;
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth
Note it not you, Thaisa ?

Thai. What is it
To me, my father ?

Sim. O ! attend, my daughter :
 Princes in this should live like gods above,
 Who freely give to every one that comes .
 To honour them ;
 And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
 Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
 Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
 Here say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to
 him.

Thai Alas ! my father, it befits not me
 Unto a stranger knight to be so bold ;
 He may my proffer take for an offence;
 Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How !
 Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not
 please me better.

Syn And furthermore tell him, we desire to
 know of him,
 Of whence he is, his name, and parentage

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to
 you

Per. I thank him.

Thai Wishing it so much blood unto your life

Per I thank both him and you, and pledge him
 freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
 Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per A gentleman of Tyre ; my name, Pericles ;
 My education been in arts and arms ;
 Who, looking for adventures in the world,
 Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
 And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace names himself
Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for other revels.

Even in your armour, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love it in arms as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So this was well ask'd, 't was so well perform'd.

Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:

And I have heard, you knights of Tyre

Are excellent in making ladies trip,

And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them they are, my
lord.

Sim. O ' that's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair counte-y. [*The Knights and Ladies
dance.*]

Unclasp, unclasp;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,

[*To PERICLES.*] But you the best. Pages and
lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours,
sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at;
'Th' before each one betake him to his rest;
'To-morrow all for speeding do their best. *Exeunt.*
[It

SCENE IV *Time. A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter HELENIUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free.
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and peak of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with
him,

A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up stunk,
Their bodies, even to loathing, for they so ill
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

E sca. 'T was very strange

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

E sca. 'T is very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man, in private conference

Or council has respect with him but he.

Second Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not second't.

First Lord. Follow me, then. Lord Helicane, a word.

•*Hel.* With me? and welcome. Happy day, my lords

First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love

First Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane :

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out ;

If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there ;

And be resolved he lives to govern us,

Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,

And leaves us to our free election

Second Lord. Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,

Like goodly buildings left without a roof

Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,

That best know how to rule and how to reign,

We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All Live, noble Helicane !

Hel. For honour's cause forbear your suffrages :
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
 Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
 A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
 To forbear the absence of your king ;
 If in which time expired he not return,
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
 But if I cannot win you to this love,
 Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
 And in your search spend your adventurous worth
 Whom if you find, and win unto return,
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he's a tool that will not
 yield ;

And since Lord Helicane enjoyneth us,
 We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
 hands :

When, peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Pentapolis A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter ; the Knights
 meet him*

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simon-
 ides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter thus I let you
 know,
 That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
 A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
 Which yet from her by no means can I get.

Second Knight. May we not get access to her,
my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
tied

Her to her chamber that 't is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,

And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our
leaves. [*Exeunt* Knights.]

Sim. So,

They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's
letter.

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well—nay, how absolute she's in't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I do commend her choice,

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft! here he comes. I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to
you

For your sweet music this last night. I do

Protest my ears were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing.

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you; .
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. [*Aside*] What's here?

A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life

O! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and
thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not:

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat, unless it be the king,
That calls me traitor, I return the lie

Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud
his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent

I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state ;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy. —

Sim. No ?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

• *Enter THAISSA*

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you ?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad ?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory ?
[*Aside.*] I am glad on't with all my heart.
I'll tame you, I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger ? [*Aside.*] who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.
Therefore hear you, mistress ; either frame
Your will to mine, and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I will make you —
Man and wife.

Nay, come, your hand- and lips must seal it too ;
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy ;
And for a further grief, — God give you joy !
What ! are you both pleased ?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

Sim. What ! are you both agreed ?

Both. Yes, if it please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed ;

Then with what haste you can get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

*Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eye of burning coal,
Now couches fore the mouse's hole,
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so bravely spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche ;
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.*

Dumb-show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter : PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES ; the Lords kneel to PERICLES. Then enter THAISA with child, and Lychorida : SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter, she rejoices : she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and all depart.

*By many a dorn and painful perch
 Of Pericles the careful search
 By the four opposing coigns,
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made with all due diligence,
 That horse and sail and high expense,
 Can stand the quest At last from Tyre,
 Fame answering the most strange inquire,
 To the court of King Simonides
 Are letters brought, the tenour these :
 Antiochus and his daughter dead,
 The men of Tyrus on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none :
 The mutiny he 'ere hastes t' oppress ;
 Says to 'em, if King Pericles
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Yramsh'd the regions round,
 And every one with claps can sound,
 ' Our heir-apparent is a king !'
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ?'
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
 His queen, with child, makes her desire,
 Which who shall cross ? along to go ;
 Omit we all their dole and woe :
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow, half the flood
 Hath their keel cut : but fortune's mood*

*Varies again ; the grisled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrinks, as I will-a-near
 Does fall in travail with her fear ;
 And what ensues in this fell storm
 Shall for itself itself perform.
 I will relate, action may
 Conveniently the rest convey,
 Which might not what by me is told.
 In your imagination hold
 This stage the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-lost Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these
 surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou, that
 hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep. O ! still
 Thy deafening, dreadful thunders ; gently quench
 Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes. O ! how, Lychor-
 ida,
 How does my queen ? Thou stormiest venomously ;
 Wilt thou spit all thyself ? The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard. Lychorida ! Lucina, O !
 Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity

. Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails.

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an Infant*

Now, Lychorida !

. *Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida !

Lyc. Patience, good sir ; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods !
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away ! We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge

Per. Now, mild may be thy life !
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe ;
Quiet and gentle thy conditions ! for
Thou'art the rudest welcome to this world
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows !
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb ; even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon't !

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt
not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Second Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and
cloudy billows kiss the moon, I care not

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard:
the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not
lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath
been still observed, and we are strong in custom.
Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard
straight

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Luc. Here she lies, sir

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must overwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells—O Lychorida!
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say

A priestly farewell to her : suddenly, woman.

[Exit LYCHORIDA.

Second Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this ?

Second Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
After thy course from Tyre. When canst thou reach it ?

Second Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O ! make for Tarsus.
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus ; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner ;
I'll bring the body presently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House.*

Enter CERIMON, with a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho !

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call ?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men ;
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many ; but such a night as this
Till now I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return ;

'There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [To PHILEMON.] Give
this to the 'pothecary
And tell me how it works.
" " " " [Exeunt all but CERIMON.]

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.

Second Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

First Gent Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

Shook as the earth did quake;

The very principals did seem to rend,

And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear

Made me to quit the house.

Second Gent. That is the cause we trouble you
so early;

'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer O' you say well

First Gent But I much marvel that your lord-
ship, having

Rich time about you, should at these early hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange

Nature should be so conversant with pain,

Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater

Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend,

But immortality attends the former,

Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my art the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures ; which doth
give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Second Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus
poured forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored :
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but
even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So ; lift there.

Cer.

What is that ?

Serv.

Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest :

'Tis of some wreck.

Cer.

Set it down ; let's look upon 't.

Second Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer.

Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight ;

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

Second Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 't is caulk'd and bitumed !
Did the sea cast it up ?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open.
Soft ! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

Second Gent. A delicate odour

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods ! what's here ? a corse !

First Gent. Most strange !

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state, balm'd and en-
treasured

With full bags of spices ! A passport too !

Apollo, perfect me i' t' characters !

[*Reads from a scroll.*]

*Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burial;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods require his charity !*

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe ! This chanced to-night.

Second Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks. They were too
rough

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within ;
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[Exit a Servant.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I heard
Of an Egyptian that had mine honest son dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, we'll send ; the fire and cloths
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you
The viol once more. Now then stir'st, thou black !
The music there ! I pray you give her air
Gentlemen,
This queen will live ; nature awake , a warmth
Breathes out of her , she hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See ! how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again.

First Gen. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder and set up
Your fair for ever.

Cer. She is alive ! behold,
Her eyelids, cast to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be ! [She moves.

Thai.

O dear Diana !

Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

Second Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours!

Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.

Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,

For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;

And Æsculapius guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying THAÏSA away.]

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A Room in CLEON'S House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, with MARINA in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness; the gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought
her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina, whom,

For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
 I charge your charity withal, and leave her
 The infant of your care, beseeching you
 To give her princely training, that she may be
 Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
 Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
 For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
 Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
 Should therein make me vile, the common body,
 By you relieved, would force me to my duty ;
 But if to that my nature need a spur,
 The gods' revenge it upon me and mine,
 To the end of generation !

Per. I believe you ;
 Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,
 Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
 By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
 Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
 Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.
 Good madam, make me blessed in your care
 In bringing up my child.

Thion. I have one myself,
 Who shall not be more dear to my respect
 Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge
 o' the shore ;
 Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
 The gentlest winds of Heaven.

Per. I will embrace
 Your offer. Come, dear'st madam. O ! no tears,
 Lychorida, no tears :

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Enthus* A Room in CERIMON'S
House.

Enter CERIMON and THAIS

Cer. Madam, this letter and some certain jewels
Lay with you in your coffer, which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my caning time, but whether there
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,

Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
 His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana there a votaress.
 Now to Marina bend your mind,
 Whom our fast-growing scene must find
 At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
 In music, letters, who hath gain'd
 Of education all the grace,
 Which makes her both the heart and place
 Of general wonder. But, alack!
 That monster envy, oft the wrack
 Of earned praise. Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this lies I hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a vench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage-rate, this maid
 Hight Philoten, and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be.
 Be't when she wove the sleided silk
 With fingers long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she wound with sharp wild wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound
 By hurting it, or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records with moan, or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian, still
 Thus Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina: so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,

And not as men This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her next thoughts to stand,
 Lychoris'a, our nurse is dead
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Predest for this blow The unborn evelf
 I do commend to your content
 (Only I carry wretched me
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme,
 Which never could I so utter,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way
 Dionyza forth appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer

[Exit.]

SCENE I Tarsus An open Place near the
Sea-shore

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE

Dion Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to
 do't
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known
 Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
 Inflame too nicely, nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her.

Here

She comes weeping for her only mistress' death.

Thou art resolved ? • •

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows,
blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me ! poor maïd,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whurring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina ! why do you keep
alone ?

How chance my daugh'er is not with you ? Do
not

Consume your blood with sorrowing ; you have
A nurse of me. Lord ! how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe ! Come,
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine ; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you ;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come ;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day

Expect him here ; when he shall come and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses • Go, I pray you ;
Walk, and be cheertul once again ; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go ;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion Come, come, I know 't is good^e for you.
Walk halt an hour, Leonine, at the least.
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.
Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood :
What ! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.
[*Exit* DIONYZA.

Is the wind westerly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so ?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried ' Good seamen ! ' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with haling of the ropes ;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this ?

Mar. When I was born :
Never was waves nor wind more violent ;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off

A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern; the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come; say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature; believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly;
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do't.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought;
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now;
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon.
And will dispatch.

I am sworn,
[Seizes her.]

Enter Pirates.

First Pir. Hold, villain ! [LEONINE runs away.

Second Pir. A prize ! a prize !

Thrd Pir. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.*

Re-enter LEONINE

Leon These roguing thieves serve the great
pirate Valdes,
And they have seized Marina. Let her go;
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's
" dead,
And thrown into the sea But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.
(Exit.

SCENE II. *Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't !

Boult. Sir?

Pand Search the market narrowly, Mitylene is full of gallants; we lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless

David. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true; 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully odden.

Pand. Thou sayest true, they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quietly pooped him, she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. *[Exit.]*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O! our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

First Pir. O' sir; we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see. if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bard. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bard. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one dent of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.]

Bard. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first' Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. *[Exit.]*

Mar. Alack! that Leonine was so slack, so slow. He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown
me

For to seek my mother!

Baud. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Baud. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live

Mar. The more my fault

To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Baud. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Baud. Marry, whip thee, gosling; I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Baud. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul't's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boul't. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Baud. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou

find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Baud. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cower'd at the hams?

Baud. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Baud. [To MARINA.] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers; seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O! take her home, mistress, take her home; these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must ; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayest cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so ?

Bawd. Who should deny it ? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town ; report what a sojourner we have , you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn ; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways ; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose !

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana ? Pray you, will you go with us ? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A Room in CLEON'S House.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why are you foolish ? Can it be undone ?

Cle. O Dionyza ! such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon.

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious
world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady !
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown of the earth
I' the justice of compare O villain Leonine !
Whom thou hast poison'd too ;
If thou hadst drunk to him 't had been a kind-
ness

Becoming well thy fact ; what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child ?

Dion. That she is dead Nurses are not the
fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night ; I'll say so Who can cross
it ?

Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play'

Cle. O ! go to Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,

Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then ;
Yet none does know but you how she came
dead,

Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes ; none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face,
While ours was blurted at and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me
thorough ;

And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it !

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say ? We wept after her
hearse,

And yet we mourn ; her monument
Is almost finished, and her epitaph-
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 't is done

Cle. Thou art like the harpy
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the
flies ;

But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.- *Before the Monument of MARINA
at Tarsus.*

Enter GOWER.

*Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;
Making, to take your veneration,
From bourn to bourn, region to region
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand in the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again the armer of the upward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Be it in it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind
Well-sailing ships and to late as winds have brought
This king to Tarsus, think his pilot thought,
So with his steering shall your thoughts grow on,
To fetch his daughter home, who just is gone.
Like moles and shadows so them more invisible;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.*

Dumb-show

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train, at one door; CLEON
and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows
PERICLES the tomb of MARINA; whereat
PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sack-
cloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then
exit CLEON and DIONYZA.*

*See how belief may suffer by foul show !
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
 shower'd,*

- Leaves Tarsus and again embarks He swears*
- *Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea He bears*
- *A tempest which his mortal vessel tears,
 And yet he rides it out Now please you wit
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionysa.*

- *[Reads the inscription on MARINA'S monument.*

*The fairest, sweetest, and best, lies here,
 Who wither'd in her spring of year
 She was of Tarsus the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter
 Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth :
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erlord'd,
 Hath Thetis bath-child on the heavens bestow'd :
 Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint.*

*No rascal does become black villainy
 So well as soft and tender flattery.*

*Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be order'd
 By Lady Fortune, while our scene must play
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
 In her unholy service. Patience then,
 And think you now are all in Mytlen.*

[Exit.]

SCENE V. *Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like ?

Second Gent. No, ne'r never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there ! did you ever dream of such a thing ?

Second Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall's go hear the vestals sing ?

First Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous ; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The Same. A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her ! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation ; we must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees ; that she would make a puritan of the devil if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll dis-furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me !

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS

Lys. How now ! How a dozen of virginities ?

Bawd. Now, the gods to bless your honour !

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so ; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now ! wholesome iniquity, have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon ?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would— but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 't is to say well enough.

Lys. Well ; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose ; and she were a rose indeed if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee ?

Boult. O ! sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

[*Exit BOULT.*

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk ; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature ?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you ; leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave ; a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [To MARINA.] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly ? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done ?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet ; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

Lys. Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and BOULT.*]

Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade ?

Mar. What trade, sir ?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade.

Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

• *Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

• *Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come unto't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

• *Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O! you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place; come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgement good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O! that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,

Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air.

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well ; ne'er dream'd
thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for
thee ;
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee !

Mar. The gods preserve you !

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent, for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness ! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt ! thou damned door-keeper. Your
house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it, would
Sink and overwhelm you. Away ! *[Exit*

Boult. How's this ? We must take another
course with you. If your peevish chastity, which
is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country
under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let
me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me ?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now ! what's the matter ?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress ; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O ! abominable.

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever !

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball ; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away ; use her at thy pleasure ; crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods !

Bawd. She conjures ; away with her ! Would she had never come within my doors ! Marry, hang you ! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind ? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays ! *[Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress ; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me ?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be ?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change ; Thou art the damned door-keeper to every Coystrel that comes inquiring for his Tib, To the choleric fisting of every rogue Thy ear is liable, thy food is such As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do ? go to the wars, would you ? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one ?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth ; Serve by indenture to the common hangman : Any of these ways are yet better than this ; For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, Would own a name too dear. O ! that the gods Would safely deliver me from this place. Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ; And I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of ?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, And prostitute me to the basest groom

That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee ;
if I can place thee, I will

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have
bought you, there's no going but by their consent ;
therefore I will make them acquainted with your
purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them
tractable enough. Come ; I'll do for thee what I
can ; come your ways. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

*Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays,
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses,
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry ;
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain
She gives the cursed baub. Here we her place,
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost,
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter duells : and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived*

*God Neptune's annual feast to keep ; from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense ;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
 In your supposing once more put your sight
 Of heavy Pericles , think this his bark :
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
 Shall be discover'd , please you, sit and hark.*
[Exit.]

SCENE I. *On board Pericles' ship, off Mitylene.
 A Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it ;
 PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A
 barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian
 vessel, the other to the barge ; to them HELI-
 CANUS*

*"Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.] Where
 is Lord Helicanus ? he can resolve you.*

O ! here he is

*Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene
 And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,
 Who craves to come aboard. What is your will ?
 Hel. That he have his Call up some gentlemen.
 Tyr. Sail Ho, gentlemen ' my lord calls.*

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call ?

*Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth would
 come aboard ;*

I pray ye, greet them fairly.

*[Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on
 board the barge.]*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords ; the
Tyrian Gentlemen and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you

Lys. Hail, reverend sir ! the gods preserve you !

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place ?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you see
before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king ;
A man who for this three months hath not spok
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature ?

Hel. 'T would be too tedious to repeat ;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him ?

Hel. You may ;
But bootless is your sight . he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [PERICLES discovered.

This was a goodly person,

Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this

Lys Sir king, all hail ! the gods preserve you !
Hail, royal sir !

Hel It is in vain ; we will not speak to you.

First Lord Sir,

We have a maid in Mitylen, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him

Lys 'Tis well bethought.

She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts
Which now are midway stopp'd :

She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
And with her fellow muds is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of*
LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure, all effectless, yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kind-
ness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O ! sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every grass would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you ;

But see, I am prevented.

Re-enter from the barge, Lord, with MARINA and a young Lady.

Lys.

• O' here is

The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!

• I-'t not a goodly presence?

Hel.

She's a gallant lady.

• *Lys.* She's such a one, that, were I well assured
She came of gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial heat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mit.

Sir, I will use

My utmost skill in his recovery,

Provided

That none but I and my companion maid

Be suffer'd to come near him

Lys

Come, let us leave her ;

And the gods make her prosperous'

| MARINA sings.

Mark'd he your music?

Mar.

No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,

But have been gazed on like a comet ; she speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings ;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside.*] I will desist ;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine '—was it not thus ? what say you ?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my
parentage,
You would not do me violence

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes
upon me.
You are like something that—What country-
woman !

Here of these shores ?

Mar. No, nor of any shores ;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
weeping
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been : my queen's square
brows ;
Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;
As silver voiced ; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly ; in pace another Juno ;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger; from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies, disclaim'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I'll believe
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say when I did push thee back,
Which was when I perceived thee, that thou camest
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
mine,

If both were open'd

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl; yet thou dost look

Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
 Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
 How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
 virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O! I am mock'd,

And thou by some incensed god sent hither
 To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
 Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
 Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
 To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
 Was given me by one that had some power;
 My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
 And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
 But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
 I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
 Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
 Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
 And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina
 For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
 Who died the minute I was born,
 As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
 Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O! stop there a little.

[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep

Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be.

My daughter's buried. Well; where were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

• *Mar.* You scorn to believe me; 't were best I
• did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
• How came you in these parts? where were you
bred?

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me,
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be
You think me an impostor; no, good faith,
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,

Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage ; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus ! strike me, honour'd sir ;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
Oerbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O ! come
hither,

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget ;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again — O Helicanus !
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us , this is Marina
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title ?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been god-like perfect ;
Thou'rt heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa ?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee ! rise ; thou art my
child.
Give me fresh garments ! Mine own, Helicanus ;
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,

By savage Cleon ; she shall tell thee all :
 When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
 She is thy very princess. Who is this ?

Hel. Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene.
 Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
 Did come to see you

Per. I embrace you.
 Give me my robes ; I am wild in my beholding
 O heavens ! bless my girl. But hark ! what
 music ?

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
 O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
 How sure you are my daughter. But what music ?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None !

The music of the spheres ! List, my Marina

Lys. It is not good to cross him ; give him way

Per. Rarest sounds ! Do ye not hear ?

Lys. My lord, I hear [Music.

Per. Most heavenly music

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs upon mine eyes ; let me rest [Sleeps.

Lys. A pillow for his head.

So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
 If this but answer to my just belief,
 I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt all but PERICLES.*

DIANA appears to PERICLES as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus ; hie thee
 thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,

Before the people all,
 Reveal: ~~what~~ thou at sea didst lose thy wife;
 To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call.
 : And give them repetition to the life.
 Perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
 Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
 Awake, and tell thy dream! [Disappears.]
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
 I will obey thee! Helicanus!

Re-enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel.

Sir?

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
 The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
 For other service first: toward Ephesus
 Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.
 [To LYSIMACHUS] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon
 your shore,

And give you gold for such provision
 As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir,
 With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
 I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
 Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
 You have been noble towards her.

Lys.

Sir, lend your arm

Per. Come, my Marina.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.

Enter GOWER.

* Now our sands are almost run;

More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feasts, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitulen
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wed
To fair Murtha; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd breeches sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus;*
THAISA standing near the altar, as high
priestess; a number of Virgins on each side;
CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus
attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS,
HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
 I here confess myself the King of Tyre;
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed
 At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
 At sea in chuldbed died she, but brought forth^o

But curb it, spite of seeing. O! my word,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring
[Shows a ring]

Per. This, this no more, you gods' your
present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports. you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O! come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[Kneels to THAISA.]

Per. Look! who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and called Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute;
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.

Thais. 'T was Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation !

Embrace him, dear Thaisa ; this is he
Now do I long to hear how you were found,
How possibly preserve'd, and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thais. Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power,
that can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives ?

Cer. I will, my lord :
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her ;
How she came plac'd here in the temple ;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian ! bless thee for thy vision ; I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now
This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form ;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify

Thais. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
My father's dead

Per. Heavens make a star of him ! Yet there,
my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves

sc. 3.]

PERICLES

Will in that kingdom spend our foli .
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus r ³⁴
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold. Sir, lead's the way.
[*Exeunt*

Enter GOWER.

*In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust and ~~and~~ and just reward :
In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune's force and keen,
Virtue preserved from full destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descrie
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity may see us.
For wretched Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn :
The gods for murder seem'd so content
To punish them, although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit.**

